

A Day in the Life of a Ginger Mexican Named Zach Lopez.

By

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FADE IN

INT. ZACHS ROOM-MORNING

Shaky, hand-held camera.

Grey room, ZACH LOPEZ (20's), tall and gangly, with fire-red hair and a concave chest sleeps peacefully.

A hand reaches out and shakes Zach Lopez lightly.

CAMERAMAN

Hey, Lopez. Senior Lopez. Z-lo.
Lopez, ZACH LOPEZ!

He rubs his eyes groggily into the camera.

ZACH

What is this shit? It's my day off.

CAMERAMAN

It's 11.30.

ZACH

It's 11.30 on my day off. It could be 11:30 in the PM. I wouldn't want you to wake me up.

CAMERAMAN

Sorry. I thought, we could get film of you doing something interesting for once. Since it's your day off and all.

ZACH

Shit. Well it's my day off not yours, so I'll give you a pass. Jesus Jeremiah Johnson.

Zach sits up agitated.

CAMERAMAN

sorry.

ZACH

See this?

He points to his concave chest.

ZACH

That's where my soul should be, if I had one. this is where it would

(MORE)

ZACH (cont'd)
be. But I don't. This is where I
put all my fucks. Its empty. Don't
ever wake me up on my day off.

IMPOSE: A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A GINGER MEXICAN NAMED ZACH
LOPEZ...AKA THE BALLAD OF Z-LO.

INT. BATHROOM-MORNING

Zach walks out of the shower with a towel that reads
face/balls.

He accidentally dries his face with the "balls" portion of
the towel.

INT. ZACHS ROOM-MORNING

Zach gets dressed, he goes over to the mirror and sees no
reflection.

He sighs

INT. KITCHEN-DAY

Zach stands with a muffin. He takes a full bite and slowly
chews.

He stares stone-faced ahead.

with his lower hand he raises a full gallon of milk into
view and takes a swig straight from the carton.

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Zach looks outside. Its extremely gloomy. Grey and cloudy.
He grabs a bottle of sunscreen lotion and squirts a mound
into his hand.

He speaks as he applies the lotion.

ZACH
There was one time this one girl
said she was into 6'0 tall gingers.
She was called the Gingerslayer, it
was scary and exciting, you
know?... But the deal was broken
when she found out I was also a
Mexican.

He Finishes with the sunscreen and grabs a sombrero.

EXT. DOWNTOWN-STREET-DAY

Zach watches over the town.

ZACH

I used to have eight friends. But
six bailed when they found out my
Dad had no affiliation with...

A sign reads: CASA LOPEZ: BEST MEXICAN FOOD IN TOWN.

ZACH

Casa Lopez. Now I'm down to two
friends. ANNIE and DEAN.

Zach walks past and flips the restaurant the bird.

INT. COFFEESHOP-DAY

Zach sits with a cup of coffee.

ANNIE (20's) another out of place, awkward ginger takes a
seat across from him with her coffee.

ANNIE

Hey.

ZACH

Hola. Annie, you look a little
sunburned.

ANNIE

Yeah. I fell asleep with the light
on.

ZACH

Tanning light?

ANNIE

No. Desk lamp.

Annie and Zach take simultaneous sips of their coffees.

A stranger walks past them.

STRANGER

Hey! Are you guys related?

ZACH
Yeah we share the same pubic hair.

ANNIE
No! No we are not.

STRANGER
Oh, I've always wondered...are both
your parents gingers, or how does
that work?

ZACH
No. Mexican father. Albino mother.

She nods and leaves.

Annie and Zach shake their head.

ANNIE
A day in the life of a Ginger
Mexican.

ZACH
Fuck off.

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Zach sits in his living room with his other friend DEAN
(20's) pimply, with greasy black hair and glasses.

DEAN
So...do you people have
reflections?

ZACH
Huh. What?

DEAN
Like can you see yourself in the
mirror?

ZACH
"can we see ourselves in mirrors?"
we aren't fucking vampires... so
not all the time. Depends if the
sun is up and how close we are to
St. Paddy's day.

EXT. BAR-NIGHT

Zach and Dean walk fully immersed in conversation.

DEAN

No, I'm just saying it's awkward
you get either Cherry Beer or a
Shirley Temple.

ZACH

What? They taste great, they're
reasonably priced and they get you
pretty drunk.

DEAN

I'm pretty sure both of those are
non-alcoholic.

They reach the Bouncer.

BOUNCER

Woah, woah. I need to see some ID.

Dean hands the bouncer the ID and enters without question.

Zach holds the ID out to the bouncer.

Arms crossed the Bouncer doesn't take Zachs ID.

BOUNCER

I'm sorry, but new policy. It's our
religious freedom to deny you
access into our bar.

ZACH

That's bullshitachen.

BOUNCER

Sorry. Policy. I hear the bar
Wanderers down the road still
accepts your kind.

EXT. DOWNTOWN-CURB-NIGHT

Zach sits on the curb alone. A few people walk by. Dean
comes back out.

DEAN

Hey, what's wrong man?

ZACH
Just having a bad day.

DEAN
Hair cut?

ZACH
What, no. its just the whole Ginger Mexican thing. Its finally getting to me.

DEAN
Well, I'm headed to a party. You should come, man.

ZACH
No, I can't handle any more hardship today. I've been through too much.

DEAN
Come on.

ZACH
I really am on edge, I don't want to snap.

CAMERAMAN
Come on, Zach. You should go, it'll be fun.

Zach turns on the Cameraman.

ZACH
Hey! I don't pay you to speak.

CAMERAMAN
You're not paying me at all.

ZACH
If I was you'd be fired. Okay, I'll go.

EXT. PARTY-NIGHT

A few people are out at a party. Before Zach can enter, a drunk Belligerent PHIL yells from the steps.

PHIL
WOAH! Who invited the Ginger-Mexican?

Some kids stop and look around.

DEAN
It's cool man.

Phil ignores him.

PHIL
Sorry, fire crotch. Take your sorry
carcass someplace else.

ZACH
Look, I really don't want to get
into it right now. I've had a rough
day.

Phil cackles condescendingly.

He places a hand on Zach and pushes him back.

PHIL
What are you going to do about it?
Pull out some Ginger-chi? Steal my
wallet you Mexi? Suck my soul you
Ging...

Before he can finish, Zach makes a loud SOUL SUCKING SOUND.

TABLEAU FREEZE FRAME

THE END